

## CRUSHED, DROWNED OR SUFFOCATED.

### Pittston Entombed Miners Faced a Three-fold Death.

### They May Have Been Instantly Killed by Falling Rock.

### That Peril Escaped, Suffocation by Gas Was Inevitable.

### As the River Is Breaking Through, Drowning Will Shut Off Escape from Other Dangers.

### YOUNG LANGAN'S GREAT BRAVERY.

### Practically All Hope of Rescuing Any of the Entombed Twin-Shaft Miners Was Abandoned Yesterday—Over Seventy Are Dead.

Pittston, Pa., June 29.—There is not the slightest chance that one of the sixty-nine men who are known to be imprisoned in the Twin Shaft will ever come out of the mine alive. There is hardly more chance that the sorrowing relatives will see even their bodies, for they are buried under 700 feet of treacherous rocks and crumbling coal. Thousands of feet of tunneling will be necessary to reach them, and this is not likely to ever be done. The cave-in that overwhelmed them extended all through the lower workings of the mine, and to-night the rescuers are fighting back the relentless rock that is falling even at the bottom of the main shaft.

To-night the few surviving officers of the mining company will not even prophesy that they can save the shaft, and it is probable that when this—the greatest producing colliery in the Pittston district—begins operations again it will be as a new mine, with a different shaft and a hoisting works far removed from the present system.

**Culpability Charged and Denied.**  
The general manager of the Newton Coal Company and the State Mining Inspector for this district both deny that any culpability attaches to the management of the mine for the horror. This may be true in the eyes of the law, but the old coal miners about here gloomily shake their heads and tell of repeated warnings that the mine was unsafe, that the coal was working, and that the timbering was not light for such unsettled series of galleries as those. The mine runs under the Susquehanna River, and a crack resulting from such a cave as that of Sunday morning might let the whole flood of the Susquehanna River down into the levels. The management of the mine points stoutly to its maps to show the size and strength of the pillars of coal left to support the roof of the mine; the old miners tell of the opening of twenty-four foot chambers where the chambers should have been only twelve feet wide to make the mine safe. The management indignantly denies that it ever robbed the pillars to increase the output of coal; the brothers of the dead down in the mines point to the neighboring mines in the same sort of country and producing the same sort of coal, and ask why the roof and walls of their gangways and slopes are firm, while those of the Twin Shaft are a crack and a shiver.

**Terribly Systematic, Indeed.**  
Things are systematic about the Twin Shaft—terribly systematic. There are seventy odd men dead down below, but the crowd is kept back from the works and the few weeping women who are permitted to get close to the mouth of the shaft are too stunned by their awful misfortune to interfere with the businesslike order of events. Cars of timber and cages of men go up and down. The men who come out say there is nothing new; they merely tell the story, that is now old in Pittston, of the battle between the timbering gangs and the encroaching rock, and the battle goes only one way. Closer and closer to the bottom of the shaft the crying and wailing, crushing the timbers like toothpicks, grinding the ribs and sets as a pasteboard box would be ground under a man's heel. Any moment may bring the news that a more violent fall has overwhelmed those who seek to stay the progress of the ruin. A mile away, across the river, hundreds of feet under ground, another gang of men is working. The Clear Spring Mine adjoins the Twin Shaft. Between the two is a wall of coal eighty-four feet thick, a supporting wall which neither side dares attack. On the Clear Spring side is a gangway that has not been worked recently, but is free from gas and in good condition. On the Twin Shaft side there are abandoned workings. No one has been in them for weeks, possibly months, and their condition cannot even be guessed. There are three-quarters of a mile of these abandoned diggings between the eighty-four-foot wall of coal and the basin in which lie the scores of men crushed to death. These diggings are in all probability involved in a general wreck, and should they have escaped the cave, they are almost certain to be full of water or explosive gas. There is the barest possibility that these diggings are clear enough to permit men to pass through them, and on this slightest of possibilities I built the hope of reaching the men through the Clear Spring Mine. Cautiously the Clear Spring miners are boring through the wall of coal, boring diagonally so as not to weaken the bulkhead. The diamond drill is working through an elaborate system of pipes and valves, so that they can shut off whatever noxious element may burst from the abandoned diggings when they get through. If the drill finds the abandoned diggings full of water, it can be drawn off through the Clear Spring; if they find it full of choke damp and fire damp, the hole must be plugged up until these diggings are reached from the other side and a system of ventilation provided.

**Not a Sound of Life.**  
Many weeks ago when the Clear Spring forces were at work on one side of the

big wall and the Twin Shaft men were working on the other, each force could hear the picks and drills of their neighbors. Anxiously the Clear Spring men have been listening ever since the cave in for some sound that would indicate that the entombed miners have found their way through the abandoned diggings to this wall, but the sign has never come. The Twin Shaft galleries have been groaning and cracking and chipping for some time, as long as a month ago. The Wilkesbarre papers have contained items about the uneasiness of the giant coal rests. On Friday this sighing of the vein changed to a fierce note. Instead of growling it roared, instead of cracking it thundered. A miner called the attention of Foreman Lynott to the fact that at the base of No. 3 slope the roof looked ugly. Lynott examined it and reported to Superintendent Langan, and Langan had him take a force of men in there to shore it up with timbers. More men were needed and Langan went out on the highways and byways and collected what men he could. The fire boss, McCormick, was summoned; he came with more men. Now McCormick and his men, Lynott and his men, Langan and his men, and the man who sounded the alarm are

the level where the men are—there was, previous to the fall, 280 feet of rock. As long as this remained intact there was perhaps more leakage through the crevices throughout the mine than in mines which are not in such close proximity to large bodies of water. When the fall occurred the 280 feet of rock referred to must have been shattered, allowing the water to pour into the mine in large quantities, until the open space below was all filled. The very natural consequence of this is that if the victims did not lose their lives under the fall they came to their death by drowning. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt that it is, it will be impossible to remove the bodies of the victims from the mine.

The Twin Shaft was sunk about forty-five years ago by Thomas Benedict and Mr. Easton. It has proven a death trap from the beginning. Many deaths occurring from falls of rock and from gas of its opening until yesterday morning, which may be the closing chapter in the mine's existence and which has undoubtedly ended the lives of those who were unfortunate enough to be in the jaws of the trap.

Among the many who met death in it

### ACCIDENT NOT DUE TO CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

To W. R. Hearst, The Journal, N. Y.:

Pittston, Pa., June 29.—Speaking from my knowledge of the workings and the manner in which the work was conducted, I do not believe that the accident was due to any criminal carelessness, but I cannot say definitely that there was not until I make a thorough investigation. This cannot be done until we find the men or decide to abandon them.

HUGH McDONALD,  
State Inspector of Mines, Third District.

### AN ACCIDENT THAT COULD NOT HAVE BEEN FORETOLD.

Pittston, Pa., June 29.—The disaster in the Twin Shaft was purely an accident, and could not be foretold by any process known to miners. There were no indications of danger disregarded and nothing in the working in the mine that contributed to the disaster.

JOHN W. LAW, General Manager Newton Coal Co.

possibility that we may get at the men in two or three days, but if the fall is extensive all the way, it may take a couple of weeks before they are reached. We chose our present way because it is the nearest. You see, the men are supposed to be in the centre of the fall, and as all gangways and slopes leading to them are working and are choked up by the fall, we naturally chose the nearest way to reach them. The reason why I think the men are caught in the fall is that if they were on the other side of it they could have walked along the conveyor gangway and have travelled to the shaft. Those men down there are all experienced superintendents, bosses and foremen, and you may depend upon it if there was any chance for them to get out they would find it. They know that mine as well as the road to their own homes. There is only one conclusion that we can come to, and that is, that the men are under the fall, and I fear they are by this time all dead.

"The work of the rescuers is not attended by extraordinary peril," continued Mr. McDonald. "There is some gas, but all the men use safety lamps, and we have men at the head of shafts to examine the lumps before the men go down. The air is good as far as it can go, and the men have this advantage in their work. The greatest danger is from falls of the roof, as the mine is constantly working, and the weird sounds caused by the chipping and premonitory symptoms of the cave-in would fill the uninitiated with terror, but the rescuers are timbering solidly as they go, and the work behind them, at least, is secure. Were this timbering not going on I would look for another immense cave-in that would shut off everything, and would place the men weeks from our search. The men are about 1,800 feet from the foot of the shaft, and up to 4 o'clock this afternoon we have cleared, timbered and travelled about 800 feet of fall and obstruction ahead of us. How soon we will overcome this depends, of course, upon the solidity of the fall."

**The Mine Still Caving.**  
This is an optimistic statement of the situation and was made early in the day. Since then one cave has followed another. Superintendent Law declares that it is so dangerous at the foot of the shaft that he will not allow the correspondents to descend. All around you will hear the

how long this will delay the work, but it only adds to the gloom of the thing. This condition of affairs will make it dangerous to work anywhere in the mine, and it is now thought certain the squeeze will extend to the mouth of the shaft itself.

Still later information is to the effect that there is absolutely no hope, and it is the opinion that not only has there been a fall of coal, rock and sand, but that the water has broken through and that the place where the men were is flooded as well as jammed with debris. The Lehigh Valley Company has sent up a couple of pumps and pipe for their operation is now being put down. A new crack on the surface was discovered so near the river that it gave rise to the story that the whole Susquehanna would soon be pouring into the wrecked mine. The pumps in the Twin Shaft are down with the slaughtered men, so the Lehigh Valley charity to the Newton Coal Mining Company is timely and appreciated.

**A Glimpse of Hope.**  
At a late hour to-night a glimpse of hope for some of the men down in the mine was rumored. James Langan, son of the buried superintendent, made dangerous journeys into the wrecked region and brought back word that it was not certain that all the men had perished. He left the men engaged in timbering and pushed forward through the gangway when the walls were all a quake and splinters of coal were tumbling about him. The fall had not entirely choked the passage, one or two spaces remaining between what had come down from the troubling roof. Over the rubbish he crawled for hundreds of feet. Ahead of the first fall he found the way comparatively clear for a short distance. When he came to another fall not much worse than the one he had just passed by, he crawled over it as he had done over the first, and found more clear space. Beyond, however, was a heavier fall than either of the others. He turned back and reported what he had done, and announced his intention of penetrating further. This they would not allow him to do, because they thought his risk too great. Langan says the air seemed pure beyond. Shortly before the cave-in he was in the mine, and says probably thirty men are crushed under the last fall he encountered, but he thinks the others may be beyond and shut off from escape, but possibly alive. A hunt-



### SCENES ABOUT THE MINE WHERE OVER 70 MEN ARE ENTOMBED.

(Sketches by a Special Journal Artist at Pittston, Pa.)

Wives and mothers of the imprisoned miners seeking for news of their buried husbands and sons. Some of the bereaved sitting by the shaft in silent grief. The work of rescue. A desolate home.

all in these dead, and there remains not one to tell how it happened.

**The Danger Was Known.**  
There were some men who recognized the danger to their lives. Here is the story of one of them, Ed Hughes, the timberman, whose brother is among the dead: "I always knew the mine was dangerous. I was there Friday night and Saturday and the mine was working badly, and we timbered all that time. I was ordered back Saturday night and I found the props smashed, the buntins flattened, the caps crushed. The work of two days looked as if it had never been done. Then we lost the air current and the slope was getting full of gas. There were several of us who thought it best to come out. These were Jim Golden, Martin Henley, Edward Rich, Bill Walsh and myself. At the foot of the shaft we got word from the engineer that the foreman, McCormick, was coming down and we thought we had better wait for him and hear what he had to say. Mack never spoke a word, but pushed by us and went right in. Golden said he is in an open space with McCormick and he knew that the way McCormick went was safe, so some of us followed him. We met my brother, Mike, with another man, and asked him how it was. He said it was bad, but advised us to come on to work. Walsh, Henry and I would not do it, and came out. The other boys went back, and they are there yet."

**Always a Death Trap.**  
If one thing more than another can be taken as convincing evidence that every man in the mine is dead, it is the fact that there is a large quantity of water in the mine which is increasing in volume with every minute. Both the Lackawanna and Susquehanna rivers run in close proximity to the Twin Shaft. From the surface to the point where the rock begins there is at least 140 feet of what is known as river wash. From this point down to the bottom—or

In past years are Mr. Lynott, father of M. J. Lynott, the mine foreman, who is one of the present victims. Mr. Lynott was burned to death by gas about twenty-one years ago. The Newton Coal Company operates three other mines besides the Twin, viz., the Phoenix, Old Forge, at Durica, and the Ravens, at Pittston. The severest complaint against the conduct of the miners was in regard to the manner in which the coal was tunneled in the section of the mine where the men were lost. There was one twenty-four foot passage, which immediately cut the other, with only six feet of coal to form the roof of the lower, and the floor of the upper gallery. These galleries were twenty-four feet wide. They should have been, so the miners say, a succession of twelve foot corridors and twenty-four foot chambers, instead of continuous galleries like this. The pillars in the upper gallery, which supported the enormous weight above, rested on but six feet of shell. Below them it was hollow.

Caving in of a coal mine is a contagious disease. Let one passageway go down and the next follows. The upper passage presumably crashed through into the other and the cave-in started up the slope in one direction and toward the abandoned workings in the other. The officials of the company say nothing about this; their answer is voiced by Mr. Law's telegram to the Journal.

Mine Inspector McDonald, in an interview, makes the following more elaborate statement of the situation:

**Inspector McDonald's Statement.**  
"I cannot hold out any more hope, and until we find out the extent of the cave-in or have some idea where the men are, we cannot say anything definite. The men, or some of them, may be in an open space with the cave around them, and if the fall along the gangway is broken, there is a

prophecy that the sullen mass of coal will utterly crush out the work of the timberman and will put an end to the life of the mine. Far across the river the ground is cracked. The plowed land which was level on Saturday night, undulates like the hollows of a Western prairie, showing the enormous extent of the cave.

### Desolation at Pittston.

"They had better put seventy headstones in the Lehigh Valley Company's cornfield, and let it go at that," said one mining man. "Those men in the Twin Shaft will get no other burial."

Though there is desolation at Pittston there are not many marks of the disaster that has stricken the town. A few fair-haired women about the shaft look their babies and moan and their neighbors tell strangers of their fathers or brothers—all dead in the mine. The "Hun" women sit with their heads muffled up in their shawls and stare at the mouth of the shaft. They do not cry, and nobody offers them sympathy. Through the open doors in the little cottages you see women sitting looking straggled before them. They sit there hours at a time. The catastrophe is too great for individual grief. The story of the escape of Frank Sheridan, John Ricker and Thomas Gill has been told. They were literally blown out of danger by the wind of the fall. The rock crashed behind them, driving the air up the slope. They were caught by this underground tornado and blown like a projectile in an air gun to the foot of the shaft.

If the wind of the fall could throw men like that it may be guessed that no puny efforts at cobbling can stop the coal when it begins to fall.

To-night the squeeze in the Twin Shaft has reached to within fifty feet of the foot of the shaft, and has involved the place through which it had been intended to run the extra line of cobbling. It is not known



ded men have volunteered to explore further despite the danger of gas or cave-ins, but so far nobody is permitted to go to what the superintendent thinks is certain death. The news of young Langan's journey has excited Pittston more than the cave-in itself, but the sober-minded miners believe the young man's theory to be due to his hope for his father, and shake their heads at his conclusions, saying that if the men were not crushed by the fall they were asphyxiated by the gas within a few hours.

**Why the Barge Was Not Removed.**  
Lieutenant-Colonel Gillespie, U. S. Corps of Engineers, in charge of harbor improvements, explained yesterday why the barge Andrew Jackson had not been removed before. He said that under the law the owners of a sunken craft have sixty days in which to dispose of it. The Andrew Jackson was sunk by the Vesper on May 22. The owners agreed to waive their rights, but it was necessary to await the board of survey before the sunken craft could be removed.

### BOILER BLOWN 300 FEET.

The Carelessness of a Drunken Engineer Costs Three Lives.

Houston, Tex., June 28.—Shortly after 2 o'clock this afternoon a boiler in the Daily Age building exploded, killing Engineer Henry Lyons, Miss Mattie Loeb, a stenographer in the office of W. G. Van Vleck, vice-president and general manager of the Atlantic system of the Southern Pacific Railroad; Edward R. Emery, a telegraph operator in the same office, and seriously injuring M. Van Vleck himself.

The force of the explosion carried the boiler, which was of eighteen horse power, across a vacant lot back of the building where it struck a small galvanneal from structure, was deflected upward and crashed its way into the general office of the Southern Pacific Railroad on Franklin avenue, over 300 feet from the scene of the accident.

Mr. Van Vleck was dictating to Miss Loeb when the boiler crashed through the brick wall taking everything in its way. Miss Loeb was carried nearly twenty feet from her chair and was found afterward buried under a mass of debris. She lived only about twenty minutes. Mr. Van Vleck was carried some distance also, but escaped with serious cuts on the head. In the next office, divided by a thin partition, were two telegraph operators, Edward R. Emery and Theodore Grice. The former was struck by the boiler and instantly killed, while his companion escaped practically unhurt.

Henry Lyons, the engineer whose carelessness probably caused the horror, was torn to pieces and literally dismembered. By his left hand, which was blown off the arm and carried some distance from the body, lay the stop-cock which was used to turn cold water into the boiler. It was open. The man had been drinking. The inmates of the editorial, business and composing rooms of the Daily Age were uninjured.

### SOLDIERS AT DRILLS.

Second Day in Camp Brings Militiamen Down to Hard Work—Signaling by Electric Light.

Peekskill Camp, June 28.—The soldiers on duty in camp put in a hard day's work today, drilling and becoming accustomed to the routine of camp life. In both the Eighth Regiment and the battalion of separate companies there are many men who are having their first experience at the camp. They are being coached in the duties and routine by their older comrades in arms.

Colonel Chauncey, while on the parade ground this morning watching the drill, was overcome by exhaustion resulting from the effects of the heat, coupled with an aggravated attack of indigestion. He was taken to the hospital tent. He will probably be all right in the morning. Lieutenant-Colonel Nestle was in command of the regiment today.

Major Hilton, inspector of rifle practice of the Third Brigade, was the only visitor of note in camp today.

The signal corps of Company B, Eighth Regiment, drilled last night by electric light. The flag of the corps will be placed on Mount Chauncey this afternoon, and another drill will be given this evening.

## MRS. FLEMING TO MARRY WILCKES.

### She Says the Date of the Event Has Not Yet Been Definitely Fixed.

### Deplores Her Prospective Husband's Error in Surrendering Her Letters at the Trial.

### Will Call Mr. McIntyre to Account for His Reflections on Her Sister Florence.

### SOME PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

After the Wedding the Members of the Family Will Go to Some Quiet Seaside Resort for the Summer Months.

Mrs. Fleming has made up her mind to marry Ferdinand Wilckes. She admits that she loves the father of Baby Robin. Although she realizes that he made some serious mistakes during their recent separation, Mrs. Fleming is more than willing to forgive and forget.

Mrs. Fleming was a passenger on the Central New Jersey train that left Jersey City at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Less than two hours later that train pulled up in front of the station at Flanders. Before the train came to a stop a woman in a becoming gown of blended black and white silk alighted from the platform of one of the front cars. It was Mrs. Fleming, who was recently tried and acquitted of the charge of murdering her mother. She was accompanied by the son of Lawyer John C. Shaw, who was one of the associate lawyers for the defense during the trial.

Mrs. Fleming led the way toward the house of the Shaws, which is known as "The Maples."

When asked the question she said: "Yes, I intend to marry Wilckes. He is the father of my children, and to be frank with you, I am very proud of him. I know that he made mistakes during the trial. I know that he should never have kept those letters, which were wrung from him by the representatives of the District-Attorney's office. But Ferdinand is young and did not know."

"As a result, Mr. McIntyre got the letters and read them to the jury. But, remember, Ferdinand is young and has not been long from Germany. I love him and he is the father of my baby. Is it not a woman's privilege to forgive? He wants to make me his wife. His nearest friends approve. Is it not a natural sequence that we should marry?"

"I do not know just when it will be. That depends. I am not going to stop at Flanders long—not over a week, I think. We will be married in New York. My sister Florence and I, together with my children, will spend the Summer at some quiet sea shore resort."

"I went to New York on Saturday to see my sister Florence, and I found her in Harlem, on One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street. I did not leave Flanders to avoid Mr. Bliss. You can state positively that I did not meet Ferdinand Wilckes. I did not call at the Colonial Hotel. I did not do any of the things that some of the papers say I did do. I simply spent a very pleasant Sunday with my sister and kindred friends."

"Some day Mr. Wilckes and I will call Mr. McIntyre to account for insinuations he has made against my sister Florence."

Mrs. Fleming expects to be in the city today.

### WALKING BEAM SNAPPED.

Idlewild's Engineer Narrowly Escaped Death and Her Passengers Were Panicky.

A peculiar accident occurred on the Sound steamboat Idlewild yesterday morning as she was passing North Brother Island on her return trip to New York from Long Island points with nearly two hundred passengers. She had just rounded the northern point of North Brother Island when the walking beam snapped.

The beam first broke close to the forward linking pin, and the next drive of the piston caused another chunk to snap off close to the centre pin. This fragment, weighing fully three hundred pounds, crashed down into the engine room and smashed a chair to fragments.

The engineer, William W. Clough, who had been seated in the chair, had been struck by a small fragment of iron a second or two before and he at once leaped to his feet. He had nearly two steps toward when the giant fragment of the walking beam struck the chair.

Clough at once shut off steam. The pounding of the great piston and the noise caused by the falling fragments of the walking beam almost threw the passengers into a panic. They rushed aft in a body, and each grabbed a life preserver. One young man, who had a new bicycle, took two preservers. All thought the steamboat had struck.

Captain Mott and his officers promptly assured the passengers that there was no danger. The steam chest had not been injured, though the broken piece of the beam had demolished the coach and kindred friends. The steam lighter Howard towed the Idlewild to East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, where the passengers landed. She was then taken to Pier 24, East River, and laid up for repairs.

### MISS JEFFERSON A BRIDE.

The Famous Actor's Granddaughter Married to Charles J. Rolfe on Her Father's Lawn.

RUBENARD's Bay, Mass., June 29.—Miss Josephine Jefferson, granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, was married at noon today to Mr. Charles J. Rolfe, of Boston. The weather was delightful and the ceremony was performed on the lawn of Mr. Charles B. Jefferson, the bride's father.

A more picturesque spot could hardly have been secured. The officiating clergyman was Dr. Page, of Fall River, a classmate at Harvard of the groom. The bride's path was strewn with roses.

Shortly after the ceremony the bride was blindfolded and all of the young girls joined hands and circled about her. The one she hit with her bouquet, they held, was to be the next married, and the lucky young lady turned out to be Miss Agnes Miller, of Boston. The guests numbered sixty, and among them were Mrs. Cleveland, who drove over from Gray Gables. She was attired in a violet tulle affair.

Among the others present were Mr. and Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Prevost, Mrs. Thomas Mearns, Mr. Charles Greene, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Johnson, and all of the members of the Jefferson family.

**DE RERES PELLET'S**  
FOR THE LIVER